of descent, when the storm which threatened to overwhelm us is suddenly calmed,—it is the native impulse of the human mind to pour forth its sentiments, too spiritual for human language to utter them, or human ear to understand them., into the ear of." a listening God, to whom they are due, and who can comprehend them all. More frequently—.such is the nature of the human, mind—it is when the storms rise, or when wearied of the voyagv, or when rest might be pleasant after labour, that the mind pictures a tranquil haven to which it would betake itself in the presence of God. Or it is when clouds are gathering ruiitul, when gaunt poverty is in hard pursuit, when friends die or forsake us, when the last star of hope in the firmament is queucln-d in darkness—we are bi*>ught to our knees by the weight of our cares, and find no outlet to our feelings s.o suitable as the language of devotion and prayer. More powerful still, if not mure frequent, it is a sense of sin and a fear of deserved jnmi.shn.iuut; it is the first moment's reflection after passion has hurried us iu!o the commission of some criminal deed which catnsnt be undom.'; it is the resurrection of some sin buried in oblivion, in if. n. >;r rising to haunt us like the ghost of a departed foe ; it is the vivi ! flash, of lightning, such as the conscience sometimes omits, giving us a view of overhanging darkness and clouds charged \\ith judgments. These are the feelings which constrain men to cry out to God, and which prompt them to express their faith or confess their fears.

Such is the attracting principle—and we do not wonder that there should be a principle attracting man to his Maker; but there is also a repelling principle, and it is the latter which is so very mysterious. It is a fact—and the explanation is to be found in an evil conscience—that there is something in human nature which would drive man away from his Maker, 'When

his better feelings would prompt him to fall down before Uotl, a hand from behind is felt to be holding him back, and ho hesitates and procrastinates till the time for action is over. Thus, when nature is displaying its loveliest scenes, he would bo inclined to look to that light in the heavens whose beams gladden them all; but the eye is blinded by its excess of purity, arid turns back instantly to the ICSB dazzling landscapes of the earth. In the hour of adversity, the desponding feelings which, for the health of the soul, should be allowed to flow out towards God,